



July 1, 1917.

UNITED STATES MARINES

My own dear girl:-

Oh, my dear if you were only where I could see you and hold you for a minute. When a lonesome spell gets over me I just have an awful time to hold my self. Pray for me Grace, that I will be able to hold myself. Last night I was alone, Gun was on guard and oh, what a feeling for home came over me. If it was not that I have a tent mate I would shed some tears. I have

had a pretty good day today. I had the best meals since I came on this island. I worked in the sergeants mess hall and ate the same kind of food they ate. Now that our company is no drill company we do guard and police duty. We will be out of this island before the 15th. Here is my bill of fare: breakfast, cornflakes & cream, egg omelet, good bread and butter and good coffee, dinner; mashed potatoes, pork roast & brown gravy, ice tea, tomatoes and lettuce and banana split, we got all the ice cream we wanted; supper, some kind of mixture with cabbage, ice tea, fried potatoes, corn beef, cold pork roast and lemon pie. It reminded me a little of home.

I suppose you will be out at the picnic when this reaches you. I think of me my Azziz, and I hope you have a good time. I will think of you. I hope you have a good 4th too. I hope we have one here.

Grace, I don't feel much like writing tonight. I wish you were here. I don't know if it is my fault I feel the way I do, but you know during the day when I have a minute to spare my

thoughts always go homeward,
and when I see all the evil around
camp I shudder and as God is
my only help I must fly to him.
When I think of missing Sunday
School and church, well I don't
know how to tell the way I
feel. I know though better days
are coming. You know I want
you then Grace.

I enclose a small poem
I found on a book. All of it
does not express my feelings, because
I know I am coming home.

I hope you are well and my
best love with three kisses to you
my dear Azzie.
your lonesome Marine,
David.